YOUNG FOLKS

Chinese Child's Toys.

Few, indeed would be their playthings if the Chinese children had to depend on toy shops for them, says Pearson's Weekly. As it is, the hawker is a familiar sight in every Chinese city, and when the children hear the gong of a toy seller it is a signal for a rush to the front gates. At a call these men slip the pole from their shoulders and set their baskets on the ground, and there is always a group of children ready to gather round them.

A display of toys carried by one of these toy sellers includes many things familiar besides kites, made in the shape of birds, fish, serpents, dragons and even inanimate objects, like bells and houses, will have wind harps fastened on to make them sing while in the air, and will have eyes set loose in their heads, so that when the wind blows the eyes will turn around and look as if they were winking at you.

His paraphernalia also includes a lot of clay molds of different kinds of animals or fruits or other familiar objects, and for "one cash" you can take your choice.

The seller then opens up the bottom tray in his rear basket and shows a bowl of yellow sweets set over a pan of burning charcoal to keep them soft. He rubs a little flour in the molds to keep the sweet from sticking, picks up a little of the soft substance, which he works into a cup shape in his fingers, and then draws it out, closing up the hole. One end is drawn out longer than the other and then broken off. He places his lips to the broken place and begins to blow, and the lump slowly swells.

Then he claps the molds which you have chosen round it, and gives a hard blow, breaks off the stem through which he has been blowing, opens the molds, dips a little bamboo stick into the soft sugar and touches it to the side of the sweetmeat figure in the mold, lifts it out and hands it to you on the stick, all in much less time than it takes to tell about it.

A sweet little girl went shopping.
And never in her life felt worse
Then when, after choosing her dolly,
She found she'd forgotten her purse.
—Youth's Companion.

It Pays to Be Good.

The editor likes boys, they are often abused unjustly. And he often regrets that he hasn't the power to emphasize this fact: A boy can have a better time as a polite and well-behaved boy than as a rough. Having passed through the mill, we know. When we were a boy, we did so many unnecessarily foolish things that we spend most of our time now in blushing. Here is one thing that boys can think of with profit: Good boys are always admired. By a good boy we do not mean a sissy or a mollycoddle. A good boy can have a better time than a boy whose parents are always worrying about him. There is nothing which promises a good time that good boy may not do. The mean things boys do always cause them trouble. And we firmly believe that boys are becoming better all the time. Yesterday we witnessed a boy ball game, without hearing an oath or rough word. A boy should always bear his future in mind: he is rapidly becoming a man, and it is uncomfortable to become an unsuccessful man. Therefore, boys should remember that good boys are the first to be offered positions. Employers are always contending with each other for the good boys. But employers always say of a boy with a bad reputation: "He isn't worth powder and lead to blow him up."

The Cornucopia.

The cornucopia, or "horn of plenty," is a familiar figure in architecture and sculpture, where it is represented as filled to overflowing with fruits and flowers. Most of our little readers have seen it, no doubt, but it may be that they do not know how it originated. The old writers say that it came from Jupiter, the supreme deity of the Romans, and this is the way of it: Rhea, Jupiter's mother, soon after he was born, gave him to the daughters of Melisseus, king of Crete, as his nurses. They fed him with milk from the goat Amalthea, an animal that was sometimes badly treated by the infant god. One day, it is said, in a fit of temper, he broke off one of Amalthea's horns and gave it to his nurses, endowing it with the power of becoming filled with whatever its possessor might wish. That horn became the cornucopia.

Had Heard Father Speak of It.

The minister was addressing the Sunday school.

"Children, I want to talk to you for a few moments about one of the most wonderful, one of the most important, organs in the whole world," he said.

"What is it that throbs away, beats away, never stopping, never ceasing, whether you wake or sleep, night or day, week in and week out, month in and month out, year in and year out, without any volition on your part, hidden away in the depths, as it were, unseen by you, throbbing, throbbing, throbbing rhythmically all your life long?"

During this pause for oratorical effect a small voice was heard.

"I know; it's the gas meter!"—The Interior.

THE GHOST AT THE FEAST.

What the Ensign Saw and What Happened After Dinner.

In "The Story of My Life," by Augustus Hare, is told the following creepy story:

A regiment was passing through Derbyshire on its way to fresh quarters in the north. The colonel, as they stayed for the night in one of the country towns, was invited to dine at a country house in the neighborhood and to bring any one he liked with him. Consequently he took with him a young ensign for whom he had a great fancy. They arrived, and it was a large party, but the lady of the house did not appear till just as they were going in to dinner and when she appeared was so strangely distrait and preoccupied that she scarcely attended to anything that was said to her.

At dinner the colonel observed that his young companion scarcely ever took his eyes off the lady of the house, staring at her in a way which seemed at once rude and unaccountable. It made him observe the lady herself, and he saw that she seemed scarcely to attend to anything said by her neighbors on either side of her, but rather seemed, in a manner quite unaccountable, to be listening to some one or something behind her.

As soon as dinner was over the young ensign came to the colonel and said: "Oh, do take me away! I entreat you to take me away from this place."

The colonel said: "Indeed, your conduct is so very extraordinary and unpleasant that I quite agree with you that the best thing we can do is to go away." And he made the excuse of his young friend being ill and ordered their carriage.

When they had driven some distance the colonel asked the ensign for an explanation of his conduct. He said that he could not help it. During the whole of dinner he had seen a terrible black, shadowy figure standing behind the chair of the lady of the house, and it had seemed to whisper to her and she to listen to it. He had scarcely told this when a man on horseback rode rapidly past the carriage, and the colonel, recognizing one of the servants of the house they had just left, called out to know if anything was the matter.

"Oh, don't stop me, sir!" he shouted. "I am going for the doctor! My lady has just cut her throat!"

Possible and Impossible.

The enterprising manager of a little lyric theater in Northern Pennsylvania believes in profiting by the misfortunes of others. One day he displayed the following sign in his house:

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.....................................
:        Do Not Smoke               :
: Remember the Iroquois Fire        :
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So great was the efficacy of this that before the end of the week he put up another:

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.....................................
:        Do Not Spit                :
: Remember the Johnstown Flood      :
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—Everybody's.

When Women Vote.

First Suffragette — What did you think of the candidate?

Second Suffragette — I was very much disappointed in him.

"How so?"

"I thought when he took my hand to shake it he was going to hold it for a little while!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Usually a man's shyness prevents him from wanting to meet his creditors.

THE AUTUMN SONG.

The flowers are dying and birds are flying,
Where skies are sunny and ever blue;
The chill winds strengthen and shadows lengthen,
As early falleth the evening dew.
The fruit is mellow, and elds are yellow
With goldenrod, while the tinted leaves
Are softly falling, when winds are calling,
And reapers garner the ripened sheaves.

The tall sunflowers grace Nature's bowers,
The grapes hang heavy upon the vine;
The corn is turning, and youth is yearning
For fun and frolic at husking time;
Then life is beauty as well as duty,
And voices echo the heart's gay tune,
With light feet dancing and soft eyes glancing,
Beneath the glow of the harvest moon.

All Nature's story is full of glory,
A golden glory that fades ere long;
For time is flying, and hearts are sighing,
And brooks are singing a farewell song.
There's much of gladness and much of sadness,
We sometimes laugh and we sometimes cry;
The bloom is paling, the light is failing,
And south winds whisper a soft good-by.
—Inez May Pelt.

Mrs. Smith's Honeymoon

She was leaning against the railing gazing wistfully down upon the sea of faces on the landing down. Despite her 30 years there was something girlish in her shrinking figure—a suggestion of the incipient emotions of youth. She descended to her stateroom. At the door she found the stewardess, who inquired if she was Mrs. L. Smith.

"That is my name, and I am going to be ill."

"Lie down at once. And about this bag? I thought it would give you more space if I put it in the gentleman's room."

Lucy Smith looked up in mystification. "But it is mine," she explained, "and I want it."

The next day, she struggled up and left her stateroom, the stewardess following with her wraps. At the foot of the stairs she swayed and fell upon the lowest step. "It's no use," she said, plaintively. "I can't go up—I can't, indeed."

The stewardess spoke with professional encouragement. "Oh, you're all right," she remonstrated. "Here's the gentleman now, he'll help you."

Some one lifted her, and in a moment she was on deck and in her chair.

"Perhaps you would like yesterday's paper?" said a voice.

The man in the next chair leaned toward her, holding a paper in his hand.

"I am ill," she answered.

He did not reply, and in a moment his glance wandered to the card upon her chair. "Odd, isn't it," he questioned.

She followed his gaze and colored faintly. Then he pointed to a similar label upon his own chair, hearing in a rough scrawl the name "L. Smith."

"It is a very common name," she remarked absently.

He laughed. "Very," he admitted. "Perhaps your husband is Lawrence Smith also."

The smile passed from her lips.

"My husband is dead," she answered, "but his name was Lucien."

For a time they sat silent. Then, as the luncheon gong sounded he rose. "You will have chicken broth," he said distinctly.

A little later the broth was brought.

That evening they lay side by side in their steamer chairs. He was gazing out to sea, where the water broke into waves of deepening gray. Suddenly he spoke, his voice ringing like a jarring discord in a harmonious whole.

"Five days ago a man called me a devil," he said, "and I guess he wasn't far wrong, only if I was a single devil he was a legion steeped in one. What a scoundrel he was!"

The passion in his tones caused her to start quickly. The words were shot out with the force of balls from a cannon. "Don't," she said pleadingly.

"Don't what?" he demanded roughly. "Don't curse the blackest scoundrel that ever lived—and died?"

"Don't curse anybody,' she answered. "It is not like you."

"I never had much use for belief," he returned. "It is a poor sort of thing."

She met his bitter gaze with one of level calm. "And yet men have suffered death for it."

"Well, believe in me if you choose," he said.

"How about your faith?" he inquired one day after a passing tenderness. "Is it still the evidence of virtues not visible in me?"

She flinched, as she always did at his flippancy. "That is not kind of you," she said.

"But, my dear lady, I am not kind."

Her mouth quivered.

"Do you mean to say," he asked, adjusting the rug about her shoulders, "that it makes any difference to you?"

The fragment of a sob broke from her. "Of course it makes a difference," she answered—

His face was very grave. The hand upon her shoulder trembled. "I hope it does not make a difference," he said. "Look! There is a sail!"

They rose and went to the railing, following with straining eyes a white sail that skirted the horizon.

He leaned nearer. His hand brushed hers as it lay upon the railing.

"Did love make you happy?"

She raised her lashes. "Love?"

"That husband of yours," he explained almost harshly, "did you love him?"

"He was very good to me," she replied. Then she hesitated. "But I did not love him in the way you mean. I know now that I did not."

He bent toward her swiftly, then checked himself with a sneering laugh. "I'll give you a piece of valuable advice," he said. "Don't allow yourself to grow sentimental. It is awful rot."

And he threw himself into his chair. He drew a notebok from his pocket and when she seated herself he did not look up.

An hour later their glances met.

"When you love, love a virtuous, straightway plodder," he said. "Love a man because he is decent—because he is decent and plain and all the things that the romancers laugh at. If you ever find yourself loving a man like me, you had better make for the nearest lamp post and—and—hang—"

"Hush!" she cried, her cheeks flaming. "How dare you?"

Her voice broke sharply, and she fell to sobbing behind her raised hands.

"My God!" he said softly. She felt his breath upon her forehead and a tremor passed over her. Then his hands fastened upon hers and drew them from her eyes. Then she felt the man's lips close upon her own.

He drew away from her. "You are too delicate for my rough hands," he said.

"Am I?" Then a rising passion swelled in her voice. "I should choose to be broken by you to being caressed by any other man."

"Don't say that," he protested hoarsely.

"Why not, since it is true?"

"There is time yet," he said, "to withdraw a false play. Take your love back."

"I cannot," she replied.

He stretched out his arms as if to draw her toward him. Then he shrank

"BELIEVE IN ME IF YOU CHOOSE."

back. "What a mess you are making of your life!"

"How will you prevent it?"

"By an appeal to reason."

"What love was ever ruled by reason?"

"Great God!" he retorted passionately. "Look things in the face. What do you know of me?"

"I know that I love you."

"I would give two-thirds of my future—such as it is—if I had not known you."

"And yet you love me."

"My love is a rotten reed," he said. "Listen!"

She bent her head.

"From the beginning I have lied to you—lied, do you hear? I singled you out for my own selfish ends. All my kindness, as you call it, was because of its usefulness to me. While you looked on in innocence I made you a tool in my hands for the furtherance of my own purpose."

"There is not a soul in this boat but believes me to be your husband. I have created the impression because I was a desperate man and it aided me. My name is not even Lawrence Smith."

"Stop!" she said faintly.

"I left England a hunted man. When I reach the other side I shall find them still upon my tracks. It is for an act which they call an ugly name. And yet I would do it over again. It was justice."

Her quivering face was turned away.

"I reached Southampton with the assistance of a friend. He secured a stateroom from an L. Smith, who was delayed. I took his name as a safeguard, and when I saw yours beside me at table I concluded he was your husband and I played his part in the eyes of the passengers. It succeeded well." He laughed bitterly.

Then before her stricken eyes his recklessness fell from him. "Oh, if I could undo this," he said, "I would go back gladly to stand my chances of the gallows.

"Hush!" she said wildly.

"You must believe this," he went on passionately, "that at the last I loved you. You must believe."

"No, no!" she cried. And she fled into the obscurity of her stateroom.

When she came upon deck next day it was high tide, and the steamer was drawing into New York.

"There is no harm in good-by," said a voice at her side.

He was loking down upon her, his eyes filled with the old haunting gloom. "Good-by," she answered.

"And you will go home like a sensible woman and forget?"

"I will go home."

His face whitened. "And forget?"

She looked up at him, her eyes wet with tears. "Oh, how could you?" she cried brokenly. "How could you?"

"Don't think of me," he responded. "It is not worth the trouble."

Then a voice startled them.

"So you have got your wife safely across, Mr. Smith," it said, "and no worse for the voyage."

It was the ship's surgeon. "I am afraid it was not the brightest of honeymoons," he added.

A man with a telegram in his hand passed them, glancing from right to left. He stopped suddenly, wheeled round, and came toward them.

All at once her voice rang clear. She laid her hand upon the arm of the man beside her. "It is a honeymoon," she said, and she smiled into the surgeon's face, "so bright that even seasickness couldn't dim it. You know, it has lasted eight years."

The surgeon smiled, and the strange man passed on.

Someone took her hand, and they descended the gangway together.

"For God's sake," he said, "tell me what it means!"

"It means," she answered, "that I am on your side forever."

His hand closed over the one he held. "I ought to send you back," he said, "but I cannot."

"You cannot," she repeated resolutely.

Then her voice softened. "God bless that detective!" she added fervently.—Mary Lucas in Ideas.

MONEY BURDENS.

The Sons of Prominent Financiers in Training for Future Work.

Great fortunes in the United States will have in most cases trained guardians when the men who have made the fortunes or are now in control of them have passed away. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., has to a large extent relieved his father of business burdens. George F. Baker, Jr., has taken much responsibility from his father's shoulders. Ogden Mills, the son of D. O. Mills, has shouldered his father's responsibilities in eight railroad and steamship lines. John D. Rockefeller has turned over a large part of his interests to his son, as have James Stillman, William Rockefeller, James J. Hill, Jacob Schiff and J. Pierpont Morgan. Averill Harriman is learning the railroad business from the bottom up. Kingdon Gould, the heir presumptive of the George Gould millions, is learning the practical side of mining in Colorado. August Belmont, Jr., is taking practical lessons as a clerk in the severely respectable and conservative banking office of August Belmont & Co. Walter Hill, the youngest son of James J. Hill, is learning the railroad business, beginning at the bottom. Young H. H. Rogers has already assumed his father's burden. William Rockefeller will leave behind him William G. Rockefeller and Percy A. Rockfeller, who will divide the place he has left vacant. John D. Archbold will some day step aside for John F. Archbold. Stuyvesant Fish, Jr., will be equal to the responsibilities which will eventually devolve upon him. Watson Webb, son of Dr. Seward Webb, is a clerk in the office of the assistant superintendent of the Northwestern Road in Milwaukee. Gaspard Bacon, son of Robert Bacon, of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., and one of the biggest stockholders in the Northern Pacific Railroad, is learning the railroad business in the West. Augustus Barstow succeeds Frank Q. Barstow, who died a few weeks ago. H. H. Rogers, Jr., is "making good" under the tremendous responsibilities that were suddenly thrust upon him. J. Pierpont Morgan, Jr., has taken over a great share of the financial responsibilities of his father, and in time will be the head of the house of Morgan & Company. Mortimer L. Schiff is being trained to assume the responsibilities of his father, Jacob Schiff, one of the biggest money powers in the country of the day. Allan A. Ryan and Clendenin J. Ryan, sons of Thomas F. Ryan, are fitting themselves to take up their father's work by learning the methods of Wall street.

Mountain Climbers Escape.

Plunging headlong from the rocky side of a mountain in the Olympic range, near Lake Cushman, a distance of fully 500 feet, and yet escaping without a broken bone, is the experience that befell Ferd Baker, says the Aberdeen correspondence of the Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

In company with several others from this city Mr. Baker climbed the mountain yesterday. About 4 o'clock the party started downward and had taken but a few steps when Baker lost his footing and plunged over a precipice. How far he fell he does not know, but he was rendered unconscious by the fall, and in this condition his body rolled down the mountain until finally caught by a bunch of shrubs.

There he lay until found by W. J. Patterson, one of the party. With the application of snow and ice Baker was revived and after a time walked to camp, where his wounds were attended to. He was frightfully bruised about the body and face and suffered much pain. He was made as comfortable as possible and at daybreak this morning the start for the city was made in an automobile. The party reached there about 4 o'clock, and Baker's injuries were attended to by a physician.

BOHEMIAN TWINS MARVELS.

Two Girls Joined Together by Peculiar Bonds of Flesh.

There have just arrived in London from Liege the Misses Rosa and Josefa Blazek, who are, no doubt, the most extraordinary examples of human abnormality in existence.

Probably no physiological curiosity of equal interest has been seen, says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, since Eng and Chang, the Siamese twins, were exhibited by Barnum about forty years ago, before settling down in a southern state, where they married two sisters, who reared healthy, normal families.

The physical condition of the Misses Blazek differs little from that of the late Siamese twins. The bodies of the latter were connected near the chest; in the case of these young women the adhesion occurs for some distance up the side, terminating slightly above the waist. Their heads are not quite on a level, Josefa being somewhat the taller of the two. Although the girls of necessity spend their lives side by side, they cannot look into each other's faces. The most that is possible is a sidelong glance that Rosa is enabled to take of her sister.

Physically their actions are interdependent, but mentally the girls have a separate existence. Nor do their tastes, inclinations or temperaments coincide. Consequently they live in a state of constant compromise. The couple—if the plural is permissible—appear very happy and contented.

The sisters enjoy the usual complement of limbs. They walk with a sprightly, nimble movement, but, of course, four feet are seen in operation, and when the necessity arises for them to lift a heavy article four arms and hands are extended for the purpose.

Born in Prague, the capital of Bohemia, the twins are 26 years of age. They speak no language save their native Czech. Franz Blazek, the father, is a successful farmer. His eldest daughter, who is quite normal, married some four years ago and has now four children. Mr. Blazek has also a son, 17 years of age.

Legal Information

An acceptance of a building or structure that has been completed and which contains latent defects either in the character of its workmanship or the quality of material used, is held, in Steltz vs. Armory Co. 15 Idaho, 551, 99 Pac. 98, L.R.A. (N.S.) 872, not to amount to waiver of such latent defects; but, on the contrary, it is held that the owner may maintain his action against the contractor for breach of the contract at such time as he discovers the extent of the defects, or after he has had reasonable time and opportunity, by due diligence, to have discovered the same.

The mere affixing of a price to each bushel of a crop contracted to be threshed is held, in Johnson vs. Fehsefeldt, 106 Minn. 202, 118 N. W. 797, 20 L.R.A. (N.S) 1069, not to be sufficient to make the contract severable.

An agreement by a retiring partner "not to engage for the next two years" in the same city in competition with a business sold, in "the manner aforesaid," is held, in Siegel vs. Marcus (N. D.) 119 N. W. 358, 20 L.R.A. (N.S.) 769, to be violated by the entering of such partner into the employ as a managing clerk, of a third person whom such retiring partner was instrumental in procuring to open a rival business adjacent to that of the original firm, and it is held that such violation should be enjoined at the suit of the purchasing partner.

The South Carolina Code provides that no party to an action shall be examined respecting a transaction or communication between him and a person at the time of the examination deceased, as a witness against a party prosecuting or defending the action as executor, administrator, heir at law, etc. The agent of appellant in selling to respondent, the owner of a small store, a fire insurance policy, had assured him that it was not necessary for insurers of small stocks of goods to comply with that clause of the policy which compelled the keeping of the books in an iron safe. Before the trial the agent died. In Berry vs. Virginia State Ins. Co., 64 Southeastern Reporter, 859, payment of the insurance was refused on account of the violation of the terms of the policy. The South Carolina Supreme Court held the representation of the agent a waiver of the iron-safe provision in the policy, and the defendant, not defending the action as "executor, administrator, heir at law," or any other person named within the statute, it does not apply, so as to make inadmissible the testimony of the conversation of the deceased agent."

Experience Teaches.

Lover (haughtily)—Is it a matter of astonishment, sir, that I should want to marry your daughter?

Father (apologetically)—Not at all, young man. I wanted to marry her mother once. The astonishment at the idea comes later.—Baltimore American.

Cause for Suspicion.

"When a man dat's tryin' to trade horses wif me stahts braggin' 'bout how honest he is in his dealin's," said Uncle Eben, "I can't help suspectin' dat he's gettin' ready to make an exception in my case."—Washington Star.